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General Winfield S. Hancock.

17th

CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS

—AT—

GETTYSBURG,



June 30th, and July 1st, 2d and 3d,

1884.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN. :
THE STANDARD ASSOCIATION, PRINTERS.
1884.

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Conn. infantry. 17 regt. 1862-1864, Ad

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MEMORIAL TABLET COMMITTEE.

Chairman.

COL. HENRY ALLEN.

Secretary,

GEORGE W. KEELER.

Treasurer,

SERGT. PATRICK WADE, JR.

LIEUT. R. LORENZO ELLS,

SERGT. GEORGE A. SCOFIELD,

PRIVATE GEORGE S. PURDY,

CAPT. HENRY P. BURR,

LIEUT. WILLIAM A. KELLOGG,

PRIVATE PHINEAS C. LOUNSBURY,

PRIVATE LEVI DIXON,

SERGT. WILLIAM A. BAKER,

SERGT. ROBERT M. WILCOX,

LIEUT. WILLIAM S. KNAPP,

HON. A. H. BYINGTON.

Chairman of Executive Committee,

GEN. W. H. NOBLE.



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ERECTED AT GETTYSBURG, PENN., JULY 1, 1884.

THE GETTYSBURG EXCURSION

—OF THE—

SEVENTEENTH CONN. VOLUNTEERS.

THE MEET.

As early as half-past nine on the morning of Monday, June 30th, 1884, the Gettysburg excursionists began to assemble at the depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Jersey City, and each arriving ferry boat continued to add to the number, until by half-past ten there were at least fifty persons in waiting. Colonel ALLEN and Secretary KEELER appeared with the colors and guidons of the Association, and were met by Mr. L. P. Farmer, the New England Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and Mr. J. F. Markley, a special agent of the same, who quickly opened the sale of tickets and guided the party to the special train which was in waiting. Gradually the party increased until half-past eleven, when the steamer Harlem, from Norwalk, arrived, adding a good one hundred, and at once insuring success so far as numbers were concerned.

The train as made up consisted of two Pullman drawing room cars, four passenger coaches and an eating car, where hot coffee, sandwiches, pie, etc., were served *en route*. The cars were comfortably filled, there being over two hundred persons upon the train when it left the depot. The cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company probably excel those of any other road in the country. They are finished in light wood, nicely upholstered and thoroughly ventilated. There was plenty of room and each passenger seemed pleasantly located, when at 12.20 Mr. Farmer inquired of Col. Allen if all was ready, and being replied to affirmatively, at once gave the signal to start, and the Gettysburg excursion began.

THE JOURNEY.

Quickly sped the train through the thrifty towns and cities of New Jersey, until at half-past two o'clock, we are at the railroad crossing at Philadelphia, near the old Centennial grounds. Here we find a car containing members of the 27th Pennsylvania Volunteers and their ladies, which is attached to our train, and with no unnecessary delay we are soon again speeding our way to Harrisburg. And now begins the admiration of those who are inclined to agriculture. Large farms, under excellent cultivation, denote the fertility of the soil and the thrift of the Pennsylvania farmer. Fields of rich grass and golden grain nod their heads at the flying train and its occupants only have time to exclaim, "what a funny barn," when, whiz-z we fly past an iron foundry or rolling mill and when the novelty of the sight has ceased to attract constant attention the company settle down to "talk." Gettysburg is the subject of conversation, and it is one which will never be exhausted nor cease to be interesting. Roughly and hastily drawn sketches are brought into requisition as one veteran endeavors to explain to another the "position on the first day." "Do you remember poor ——?" "Yes, I saw him when he was hit and I helped him to get to the barn." Here is where you get the accurate account as regards the fight where these men fought. They do not pretend to know all about the entire battle of three days' duration, but they do know *what they saw*. Old army stories are burnished up and sound as fresh as when first told, years ago. Seats are turned over and "groups of four" are formed, and one simply wants to gaze upon one of those "groups" to immediately "guess" what is going on. For instance, Captain McQuhae has Captain Wood and Lieutenant Mills for an audience, and he is explaining to them how he and Captains McCarty and Allen prevented the Chaplain and Doctor Gregory from cutting down Colonel Noble's tent on Folly Island, one night. Captain Kellogg and Lieutenant "D" Peck, (so called to distinguish him from Lieutenant Peck of Company I.) are trying to settle the cause of the "smoke in their tent" on Folly Island. Plenty of time to talk, so all took a hand. Ser-

geant Patrick Wade and Fred McKay, together with other members of George Ruggles' "Sunday-School," make their teacher the subject of their long and frequent chats. "Poor George!" how many times that was repeated on the trip, and how much it expressed. The name of George Ruggles will be remembered as long as the Seventeenth Regiment is thought of. If you get a good opportunity ask Wade to tell you about that train of cars which Ruggles and Allen were running once. Up in the corner of the car you will find the genial Tom McCorkell telling how "he put Colonel Wilcoxson in arrest once." The jolly Paddy Ford, of Company A, is brought to mind by the "half-passht foive" of Tim Donovan. Sergeant Loomis, of Company F, tells of Keyser, "our Bill," on the muster roll, William R. Keyser. On a march to Volusia, Florida, once, night was approaching and the Seventeenth Regiment was *cross*; "cross all the way through." Colonel Noble was riding near the right of Company "F," when "our Bill," spied him, remarking at once, "I wish I was in my father's barn!" The Colonel looked at Keyser and said: "Tut, tut! what do you make that wish for?" "Why, I'd go into the house darned quick." This, reader, is a specimen of what is going on in every car, and time passes so pleasantly and swiftly, that before we realize the fact, it is 6.25 and we are at Harrisburg. The train containing the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth New York Excursion has just left for Gettysburg as our train rolls into the station. Mr. Markley says "twenty-five minutes here," and instantly all hands are out of the cars taking a stroll upon the platform. Comrades Huss and Keeler tell Wade who has been suffering with rheumatism that "there is a Bridgeport man wants to see you," and in this way Sergeant Patrick Wade, Jr., of Company K, is brought out of the car and instantly surrounded by his friends, that means the entire party, and is confronted by the Chaplain who appropriately presented a handsome gold badge, very prettily prefaced with allusions to the great interest which Treasurer Wade had always taken in the Association of the Seventeenth Connecticut, and to his meritorious service during the dark days of war. The speech was followed by three cheers for "Wadey." and then he *waded* in. He spoke of the feel-

ings of his heart, manifested much pride at the gift, and felt so good that he offered to take a "side hold" with Sergeant John Porter, spite of rheumatic ankle. He closed by inviting the Seventeenth Association to hold their Sixty-third Reunion at his house.

All aboard and away we start for Carlisle and Gettysburg. The old Government barracks at Carlisle are now used as a training school for Indian children, and the committee were inclined to make a stop here long enough to allow the excursionists to visit the school, but the stop would have been the cause of great delay, as we would not have been able to make connections with the train on the Cumberland Valley road.

A sunset in the Cumberland Valley is worth seeing at any time, but taken with the beautiful mountain scenery witnessed from our moving train, it called forth the remark, "that sight is worth the cost of the trip," from more than one of the party. It was simply grand.

The train is slowing up and we hear the discharge of cannon and cheers of the citizens which tells us that Gettysburg is reached. It takes but a few minutes to unload, and although the hotel is but half a block away, yet here we find the Grand Army boys with torches and a band of music.

AT GETTYSBURG.

There was some little delay upon arrival at the hotel, in securing rooms, notwithstanding names had been sent on several days in advance, but the sudden appearance of two hundred people, each one demanding their room instantly was a partial excuse. Every one was soon provided for without any trouble, many securing accommodations in private families, which, to judge from reports, was the means of forming some very pleasant acquaintances. Supper was eaten and in spite of their long day's journey and the late hour, several of the Seventeenth boys started out to find Cemetery Hill and "get their bearings" before they slept.

On the morning of July 1st, the streets were early filled with excursionists, all of whom seemed refreshed by their nights rest and ready for a day of sight-seeing. The soldiers were searching for a particular barn, house, or church, where they were treated when they were wounded at the time of the

battle, and many of them had visited the scene of the engagements on the first day, before they ate their breakfast.

At 8.45 A. M. the ladies were placed in carriages and sent out to "Barlow's Knoll," where the exercises were to take place. A stand large enough to accommodate one hundred persons had been erected and covered to protect the occupants from the hot sun; a barrel of ice water also being provided. These arrangements were made by the committee three months previous, and Comrade W. H. Curtis, of Company C, to whom the contract for furnishing the Tablet was given, went to Gettysburg about June 22d, and personally attended to all details.

Promptly at 9.15 A. M. the line was formed in front of the Eagle Hotel, and at 9.25 all was in readiness to march for the battle-field, in the following order:

Gen. J. M. BROWN, Grand Marshal.

Lieut. C. E. DOTY, Aide.

Private JOHN E. BECK, Orderly, carrying Headquarters Flag of
"Ames Brigade."

WARWICK BAND.

One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Regiment New York Volunteers.

One Hundred and Fifty-Third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Twenty-Seventh Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

NEW OXFORD BAND.

Col. HENRY ALLEN, commanding Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers.

GEORGE W. KEELER, Adjutant.

Sergt. SELAH G. BLAKEMAN, Adjutant.

Rev. W. K. HALL, Chaplain.

MEMORIAL TABLET COMMITTEE.

Lieut. R. L. ELLS, Sergt. PATRICK WADE, JR., Capt. H. P.

BURR, Private GEORGE S. PURDY, Sergt. G. W. SCOFIELD,

Private LEVI DIXON, Private PHINEAS C. LOUNSBURY,

Lieut. W. A. KELLOGG, Lieut. W. S.

KNAPP, and Hon. A. H. BYINGTON.

First Company, Capt. ENOS KELLOGG.

Second Company, Capt. JOHN McQUHÆ, JR.

Third Company, Capt. JAMES E. HUBBELL.

Fourth Company, Capt. ENOCH WOOD.

Right General Guide, Master J. W. NICHOLS.

Left General Guide, Master MAX HUSS. .

GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION IN CARRIAGES.

HON. D. A. BUEHLER, *Vice-President*; Col. J. B. BACHELDER,

Superintendent, &c.; HON. J. M. KRAUTH, *Secretary*; Col.

CHARLES H. BUEHLER, J. LAWRENCE SCHICK, *Treasurer*;

Sergt. N. G. WILSON, CHARLES HORNER, M. D.,

Maj. ROBERT BELL, and Sergt. W. D. HOLTZWORTH.

Upon the march to the scene of the exercises, Gen. Brown halted the column for rest, at a point near the Poor House, which brought the Seventeenth Association directly at the field where they first halted and formed, on the right of the road, on the first day of July, 1863. It was at this point that the four Companies (F. K, B and A), were detached as skirmishers. At ten o'clock, the head of the column reached the top of "Barlow's Knoll." The "steel piece" of the Grand Army Post belched forth a salute, the escort halted and the veterans of the "old Seventeenth" marched up to and formed around the Tablet. It was an imposing sight, there being about seven hundred people congregated in the neighborhood, all of whom closed up to the stand and remained attentive witnesses to the ceremonies, notwithstanding the severe heat of the day.

Gen. W. H. NOBLE, presided, and, after music by the band, announced the opening exercises of the day with

Prayer, by Rev. W. K. HALL, D.D., Chaplain Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers.

Almighty God, Ruler of Nations, Arbiter of battles, we bow before Thee in grateful acknowledgment of Thy mercies to our country. We thank Thee for the victory that crowned our arms on this field of strife whereby the Union of these States was secured and the institutions of Liberty bequeathed by our fathers were preserved. We thank Thee for the noble examples of valor and heroism that were here given and which make this ground so sacred to us. And we pray that a fresh

inspiration of loyalty to duty and to country may come to us from the memories which these scenes and these associations revive. May the spirit of self-sacrifice be engraven deeper upon our hearts and our lives.

We beseech Thee to regard in Thy tender mercy and kindness those whose beloved ones here fell, and who realize afresh their great loss, because of this memorial service in which we are here engaged. Bless the widow and the fatherless. We pray for our whole land, for its continued peace and prosperity. May it be exalted by righteousness. May Religion and Education everywhere over its vast area flourish. May truth triumph. May the right prevail.

Pardon our sins, and be pleased to accept us and bless us in this holy work we now perform. And to Thy Name be all the Praise. AMEN.

Col. HENRY ALLEN, Chairman of the Memorial Tablet Committee, then presented the Tablet to the Association in the following address:

ADDRESS OF COL. HENRY ALLEN.

General Noble:

At the last annual re-union of the surviving members of the Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers, a committee was appointed under a resolution to "provide for the erection of a Monument upon the battle-field of Gettysburg." The resolution was somewhat brief and inexplicit, yet your committee feel that they properly sensed the intention of the Association.

Of that committee, sir, I had the honor of being chairman, and in that capacity it devolves upon me to-day to present to you and through you to the members of the Association, a Memorial Tablet, hewn and carved from the granite of our mother State, its adamantine solidity being emblematical of the firm loyalty of her sons. We have caused it to be erected upon this spot to evidence the fact that twenty-one years ago, upon this great battle-field, thirty-five loyal sons of dear old Connecticut—and our gallant comrades of the Seventeenth Regiment—gave their lives for the preservation of the best and grandest government upon the face of God's earth. (Applause). Sir, it was the proud privilege of the immortal Andrew Jackson to proclaim the sentiment "The Federal Union, it must be preserved!" It is the proud privilege of these illustrious spirits, looking down from their Heavenly home to join with their living, Union-loving comrades throughout this broad land and proclaim "*it was preserved.*" (Applause).

Their's was a glorious death:

"Died on the field of battle,
'Tis noble thus to die;
God smiles on valiant soldiers,
Their record is on high."

On behalf of the committee I would say, that if the result of their

efforts shall prove entirely satisfactory to their comrades, then we have consummated the highest desire of our hearts.

It only remains to disclose to view the Memorial Tablet of the Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers."

At a signal given, the two flags covering the Tablet were removed by Miss MINNIE MOORE, daughter of the late Capt. JAMES E. MOORE, who fell on this spot during the battle of July 1st, 1863, and Miss FANNIE NOBLE, a daughter of Gen. W. H. NOBLE, while a large national ensign was drawn to the top of a thirty-six foot pole erected near the Tablet. At the same time one gun was fired from the cannon of the Corporal Skelly Post, G. A. R., and the band played the Star Spangled Banner, amid great applause.

As Chairman of the Executive Committee, Gen. NOBLE then accepted of the Tablet in the following speech:

ADDRESS OF GEN. WM. H. NOBLE.

" *Colonel Allen :*

In behalf of the Seventeenth Connecticut Regiment I accept with pride and pleasure from your gallant Committee, this superb memorial to our brethren who fell, here, and on this battle field.

To your full hearted and zealous work we owe not only this chaste and fitting monument, but this good assembly of patriotic citizens and comrades in arms, among whom we greet with fond remembrance the Twenty-Seventh and One Hundred and Fifty-Third Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth New York, the Adjutant-General of the old Second Brigade, Gen. J. Marshall Brown of Portland, Maine, who while with us and afterwards in command of his regiment so distinguished himself in the Army of the Potomac and General Stewart L. Woodford, of New York, our comrade in arms, whose distinguished career in and since service, we have all followed with pride.

The regiment will ever remember you and the associates of your committee as faithful ministers in this work of love.

In posture and expression this Monument is worthy of the heroes whose names these tablets immortalize, it is worthy of a regiment which never flinched from, and was always ready at the call of duty.

Standing on this knoll, it marks the spot, at or near which the regiment had their bitterest loss and struggle in the three days fight. Here, or near here, it gave to the enemy a resistance so staunch and vigorous, that the Confederate General Gordon in years after named to your Lieut.-Col. Allen, its plucky struggle against his fire and charge. Near here fell Lieut.-Col. Fowler and Capt. Moore and the most of those whose names are there enrolled.

Col. Fowler was a soldier, from the very first gun on Sumpter to his death. Capt. Moore was equally early and constant in the field, and besides a soldier in the Mexican war, and stormed up the heights of Chapultepec. All here enumerated, were gallant and true men.

But this is not merely a Regimental Monument. It is a part of the bed-rock of Connecticut, planted here, among her other Regimental Memorials, to immortalize her dead on this battle-field. It will forever stand as a worthy tribute of honor to that gallant little State, which sent us to the front, and put into the war 53,000 of her sons, near one half of her fighting men. It will too, link memory to that glorious old Fairfield County, which in thirty days from my commission as your Colonel, put more than one thousand of her sons into this her County Regiment, ready for the field.

Such memorials are deserved by those who here died for the Land and the Flag. Like all who here fought they builded better than they knew. They, and all here, faced death, that when victory dawned on the night and gloom of the dire struggle, the cry might ring along the lines, "Our Flag is still there." What Gettysburg meant, for our country and the world in the logic of events, first rang out on this battle-field, in that grand Saxon sentence of Abraham Lincoln, "That under God and the people's will, the Nation should have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people and for the people should not perish from the earth."

War lives on a terrible sacrifice of life, and waste of substance. Yet greater evils can befall a people than the sacrifice of either upon the tainted field. Though Peace hath her victories, she has her defeats as well. Blunder, often worse than crimes, are such. Blunders in public policy, a corrupt government upheld, places of trust and honor, put on the market to the highest bidder, a moral gangrene in public and private life, eating out and corrupting the hearts of men. Purity, public or private, hooted at as political or social prudery. All these are worse than "war, pestilence, and famine, battle, murder, or sudden death." They sap the foundation of human life and civilization, and drifts us back towards the cave-man.

From the arbitrament of this battle-field few at this day dissent. All over our wondrous country blue-coat and gray-back own and swear by that flag which from both its sides looks upon a people wholly free.

Let it be our bounded duty and work, to bind up the wounds and build up the waste of war. God has softened the hearts of those who here on both sides fought with heroic valor. All through the land a miracle of tender brotherhood, has made of this people in the silent years since Appomattox, a record of reconciliation and peace, of which no other nation has a history. Let the good work go on. By private effort and the Nation's treasury let us repair in all that makes a people, the desolations of the war.

But when the North and the South clasp hands in forgiving brotherhood over their dead in battle and swear in their souls fealty to the

flag they have not done all their duty. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." There are worse foes to this people than those in arms, against whom we must hold watch and ward.

Remember that there are castes, not of inheritance or color, there is bondage, not of chains or the slave-whip. There are princes and potentates with no generations of ancestry. There are kings and barons, besides those who hold their power by the bayonet or the bullet. There are monarchs and ministers, Richelieus and Bismarks, in the money marts, and among the industries of men. Such handle the appliances of civilization, and control, and sap and siphon, the stores of honest toil and capital to their own hoards. There is repine on the exchange, there is plunder in the stock-boards, and in stock issues. Those who engineer all this machinery of greed and power, and their abettors, have a conquering purpose and a sway of more dire portent to our future, than armed array. Victories or defeats in the struggle with these foes, are bloodless, but they are followed either by more blessed, or more disastrous results, than either defeats or victories in arms.

Such, and their followers, and all who hunger and thirst after riches to the neglect of duties social or political, all who use the machinery of civilized life and public trusts, to glut their greed of wealth, are neither "of the Kingdom of Heaven," nor do they make a Nation. Neither here nor any where on earth has a nation stood and lasted on any such flimsy bed-rock. A nation can only ride and live on the stamina and broad foundation, of the whole people. It was the common people of this land, that made the nation, or saved it, and only they will keep it, living down the ages, the glory of humanity, the grand achievement of the world, "a nation of the people and by the people and for the people."

At the close of speech of Gen. WM. H. NOBLE, he as Chairman, introduced the orator of the day, Private PHINEAS C. LOUNSBURY, of Company C.:

ADDRESS OF P. C. LOUNSBURY.

Mr. President, Fellow Citizens and Comrades:

We are gathered to-day, after a lapse of twenty-one years, to celebrate the erection of a monument to the memory of those brethren in arms who on this ever memorable field of battle yielded up their lives in the defense of their country.

Their names have been inscribed on yonder granite, but more indelibly and imperishably have they been written in history, and upon the hearts of a grateful people.

Nations through all ages have reared monuments to their chieftains, and loving hands have placed them over the dust of their kindred, but none have ever been more appropriately or lovingly erected than the one you have unveiled to-day in honor and in love of those comrades

who, here with you, struggling for liberty and the union, went down under the rain of shot and shell.

The nation honors the genius of the commanding general. It honors the name of the gallant Reynolds who fell at the head of his corps. It honors a Hancock, a Sickles, a Barlow, a Gibbons, whose wounds and scars attest their gallantry too. It honors the bravery of a Fowler, a Moore, and a whole line of officers who were killed in the forefront of the battle, but it honors none the less, the gallantry and bravery of those private soldiers, who like men of iron with nerves of steel, stood between our homes and all that was sacred and dear to us, and the invading forces, and for three long days meeting the repeated charges of a desperate foe, again and again hurling them back reeling and staggering with depleted ranks, until smitten and routed they fled before the onward march of our victorious army. The light of the fourth day saw the Stars and Stripes floating again proudly over all Gettysburg.

Why this terrible carnage? It was not to gratify the spirit of an Alexander, or to enforce the tyranny of a despot. It was not for the booty and plunder of an Attila, nor by conscripts obedient to the imperious dictates of an ambitious Napoleon. It was an army of volunteers, citizens, soldiers, men of peace in time of peace, but men of war, men of courage and dauntless resolution in the hour of their country's peril.

A vital principal was the issue and in its maintainance or its establishment not only the liberties of a race and the perpetuity of the peaceful industries of the land but the very existence of the Nation were involved. It was a war testing the very foundation stone upon which the Governmental structure had been reared. But before proceeding further on this line let us go back in our thought a century and more ago to the day of our Nation's birth; the 4th day of July, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence, written by the immortal Jefferson, accepted and adopted by Continental Congress then assembled, was published and proclaimed to the world. Therein they declared that all men are created equal and endowed by their creator not only with life but with the rights of liberty and the pursuit of happiness—in these truths and upon these principals they laid deep the foundation of our Republic, and for the establishment of such a Government they mutually pledged each to the other their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. A Nation thus conceived in liberty and brought forth in the blood of its people was destined not for a life of a season, but to be as eternal as the principals it embodied.

We reverence our ancestors for that spirit of independence, for that devotion to liberty and justice—for the sacrifices so heroically made and the hardships so cheerfully endured through all the long dark years of the Revolution, that they and we, their posterity, might enjoy individual rights and national freedom—and unto God the High and Mighty Ruler of the universe do we reverently render profound thanksgiving and praise for His guiding hand, leading his people on through many a lonely and dreary day in the righteousness of their cause, from the

self-declared independence to one owned and acknowledged by the Nations of the world. No longer colonies subjected to the mandates of the King across the sea, but free to form a Government whose realm was destined to be wider and in its beneficence grander than they ever conceived; whose arches should span the continent from ocean to ocean, and beneath the dome of this vast temple of liberty the oppressed of all Nations might find a welcome and a home.

To the formation of such a Government the wisdom and genius of the land were convened. In the formation innumerable difficulties and almost insurmountable obstructions met them at every point. The Confederacy of the Colonies which in time of war had been sufficient—now in the hour of their independence was proving inadequate to the required necessities of a strong and stable Government. It needed a bond that should hold indissolubly the union which had been created by their united efforts, securing for them that liberty for which they longed—a union that had been cemented by the blood of so many of its fallen heroes. It needed a compact that should be strong to suppress the plottings and intrigueings of traitors from within and able to resist the combined attacks of their enemies from without. It needed a centralization of power that would be able to protect every citizen in his rights not only at home but abroad, any where upon the face of a civilized world, any one and every one who could claim the Stars and Stripes as the flag of their country. But how to centralize a power and still preserve for the States all the rights, and only those rights that would not interfere with the strength and permanency of a united Republic, was a problem difficult of solution, and then the prejudices and apprehensions on the part of the people, unreasonable though they may have been, made them unwilling to commit those rights that they then possessed to the keeping of the general government in which they would be but a factor—this made the task still more difficult to accomplish.

I do not wonder that the people were exceedingly jealous of the liberties acquired at such a sacrifice, but I do marvel at the wisdom so manifestly displayed by the charter members of this Government, when I consider the conditions and circumstances under which they labored in framing a Constitution to which all could assent, a compact in which all could unite—so satisfactory in its provisions—so strong in its requirements—overcoming the passions and prejudices of some of the people—conceding in some measure to the selfishness of others that they might peacefully inaugurate a Government which they believed would be, and which the century has proved to be the wisest and best ever framed by the hand of man. Not perfect in all its parts as we well know for in those concessions our fathers made what seemed needful then to harmonize, there remained upon the otherwise fair sky of this new Nation one spectre cloud—a cloud that grew with each revolving year until overshadowing the whole land it burst forth in that terrible storm of 1861. In the midst of this so-called free country, there

remained a race in bondage, a slavery as debasing as any that ever cursed a civilized land—fed and fostered by Government until the monster about our liberties coiled its slimy folds to crush them with its power, and raising its dragon head, protected by the Stars and Stripes, struck the Goddess of Liberty with its murderous, poisonous fang; charmed, enchanted, beguiled, fascinated by its wondrous power, State after State rebelled—this is how the war began, and at a Nation's call from North and East and West, thousands upon thousands sprang to arms to throttle this rebellion in its infancy. Its power we did not comprehend; the deadliness of the struggle few, if any, realized or even dimly saw that the war must go on until the monster that produced it was annihilated in the land—until in the restoration of the Union, personal liberty, equal rights, in accordance with the declaration of our fathers and in keeping with the fundamental principles of this Government were guaranteed to every man throughout its broad domains, without regard to race or creed, whose heart beat for it in loyalty.

As I have said it was not a war to gratify ambition, nor a war of conquest, neither was it a war waged for emancipation, but it was a war to establish the supremacy of this Government over every foot of land that it of right possessed upon this Western Hemisphere.

It was a war to bury finally and forever the heresy of secession. It was a war to plant the flag of our Union upon every hill and to carry it into every valley trod or to be trodden by the foot of man from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, from the shore of the Atlantic to the "Golden Gates" of the Pacific, and as decreed in the righteousness of God it was no longer to float in name only but in fact, in every deed over the land of the free and the home of the brave—carrying liberty and protection beneath its folds in a grander degree than ever before.

To defend this our flag, the flag of our fathers,—to preserve this Union cemented by the blood and dedicated to liberty, justice and equality—to establish the right and to confirm the power of this Government thus to rule throughout the length and breadth of this land, you and regiments of heroes like you fought and bled.

It was not to acquire military fame, or to obtain a world-wide renown that these men left their homes and those firesides about which they and their loved ones so fondly gathered. It was rather at the bidding of patriotism, a patriotism that burned brightly upon the altar of the heart and of the home.

It was to preserve unsullied and intact those institutions of justice and liberty bequeathed us by our fathers—to maintain in it the fulness and in its glory this the grandest Government on the face of the earth. It was because of the blessed memories that cluster around that dear old flag—because of the love and patriotism that thrilled their souls to their inmost depths thus giving them strength to march in heat and in cold, through flood and through fire, if need be, to plant the Stars and Stripes upon the battlements of every fort and float them from the flag-staff of every arsenal—to wave them any where in the free breezes of

heaven that waft across this our free land. This is why they went, but how and through what they went no tongue can tell, the eloquence of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, not even the pen of an angel or the tongue of a seraph can ever portray or describe, but this I can and do say that upon this consecrated ground they builded a tower of fame reaching into the very heavens, around which gathers a halo of glory from a Nation saved by this victory won, outshining the brightness of the meridian day.

I must hasten for in the time allotted me on this occasion I cannot now even mention, much less speak in detail of all the heroic deeds of this historic Seventeenth Connecticut Regiment. No more illustrious than others from my native State—no braver or truer than many from every State, but their valor and their heroism will be and have been chronicled by abler pens and more eloquent tongues. Well do I remember that bright and beautiful morning we started to the war, inspired by the cheers and huzzas of the people, yet sobered by the sobs and tears of mothers, wives, and dear ones parting, and many of them to meet no more. The Stars and Stripes that were committed to our care we carried to the breezes above us and proudly did they float in many a hard fought battle in the three years that followed. They were pierced and torn by shot and shell. Again and again their gallant bearer was smitten to the earth, but they fell only to be caught up by some one of the many brave defenders who ever bore them aloft in victory and defeat until, conquerors at last, you triumphantly carried them back to your native State amid the shouts and plaudits of a grateful people that with one voice rang out well done, well done, gallant and true! But all did not return; death by disease, death by shot and sword had thinned its ranks and the sad history of Chancellorsville tells how sadly it suffered there.

It was there our Colonel, as brave a man as ever drew the sword, received that terrible wound, the scar of which he bears to-day. It was there our beloved Lieutenant-Colonel Walters, who of Teutonic blood, true to the spirit of his race, fought so nobly. It was there he fell—there he sleeps undisturbed by bugle notes of war that summon to the strife—waiting the trumpet sound which shall call his spirit with the true and brave to fields of immortal peace. It was there one hundred and twenty tried and true were stricken from the roll, but it was not there that the decisive battle of this terrible conflict was to be fought.

Once more our brave columns were rolled back to touch afresh the great heart of the liberty-loving North, to breathe again the air that was ever pulsating with the spirit of freedom—to gather inspiration and strength for a conflict unparalleled in the history of any war, that should lead on with varying fortunes but with ever certain success to the final overthrow of the rebellion and the unquestioned supremacy of the National Government.

But of this bloody conflict—this war of Titans—what shall I say?

What can I say? Would I could marshal words as men were marshalled on this immortal field—but your deeds of valor of reckless daring, of stubborn, unflinching, persistent bravery may be recorded but never described. More than 200,000 men, nearly equally divided, met here in deadly array—the one representing the barbarism of slavery, the other the rights of liberty—the one to make the North acknowledge the right and fact of secession, the other to compel the South to acknowledge and submit to the authority of the National Government. The one to break and the other to maintain the union of these States, involving in its issue the destiny of the grandest experiment of republicanism that the world ever saw, cheering or crushing the hopes and aspirations of the oppressed of all lands.

On this field and in that battle was to be decided the momentous question of political and personal liberty and of social justice for all men—whether the rising tide of Christian civilization should flow on until it should carry to all on the crest of its swelling billows personal freedom and personal rights, making of our race one common brotherhood, or whether it should be rolled back to blight the hopes and disappoint the longings of the truest and noblest in all lands and leave the race in the folds of a civilization as fixed as it was unjust and oppressive; but reverently, yet unhesitatingly, do we affirm that God was on the side of the heroes who fought the battle of freedom, and the Stars and Stripes were unfurled in triumph where the Stars and Bars had been flaunted in defiance.

The nation was saved; four million slaves leaped to their feet, four million freemen and the angel of liberty waved his white banner, a signal of hope and cheer to the down trodden, the wide world over.

But I stand on consecrated ground, the sepulchre of the heroic dead, the field drenched with human blood, the price of the victory we celebrate, every foot of which attests the dauntless patriotism of freedom's hosts.

In that deadly struggle we claim no superiority for the generalship of our commanders or for the bravery and stubbornness of our soldiers.

Yonder hills and valleys were drenched in no less gallant blood than these upon which we stand, but of the latter I only speak.

Never did soldiers accept more cheerfully a challenge than the intrepid Reynolds accepted the gauge of battle flung down by the rebel general on the morning of the first day of that stubbornly fought conflict, and, when repulsed by overwhelming numbers, no less cheerfully was he supported by your division with the third of the time honored Eleventh Corps, coming for more than two miles at the sound of the cannon, upon the double-quick, and just in time to check the outnumbering hosts of the foe, contesting every foot of the way back through the town against at least three times your number at a sacrifice of the brave men whose memories and names shall live as long as this grand Republic endures or yonder monument stands, until beneath the guns of Cemetery Hill, supported by the second division of your gal-

lant Corps you made a stand, determined there to be victorious or to die.

The friendly shades of night approach, wrapping friend and foe within its sable folds, after one of the severest struggles of the war enabling them to gather strength for one that was to be still more desperate on the morrow.

With the morning light five corps are up and waiting, ready for the assault, the Eleventh holding Cemetery Hill, where it became engaged in one of the deadliest struggles of the battle—a hand to hand conflict demanding a personal bravery, skill and strength as in no other. You remember, for you were there, how you looked each other in the eye, shot each other with gun and pistol, thrust each other with saber and bayonet—smote each other with sword, grappled each other with hands, reeling and falling in the terrible strife until your Corps was gloriously victorious. It was there our gallant Burr captured that rebel flag, collaring its bearer, nearly twice his size, displaying a nerve so like the nerve that characterized this grand old regiment. I have not time to describe the incidents or follow the fortunes of that memorable day.

Cemetery Hill, Seminary Hill, the peach orchard, the wheat-field, the Emmetsburg road, Round Top, Culps Hill, trampled by foot and hoof, torn by shot and shell, drenched with blood attested the bravery and heroism of the combatants, the stubbornness and deadliness of the fight. Fifty thousand men were stricken from the roll of the two armies, and the issue of the conflict was still undecided.

In the midst of this terrible carnage there rode a woman, escorted by the gallant Howard, as if bearing a charmed life, calm and fearless amid that terrible storm of death, seeking on the field a companion, who was then a wounded prisoner in the town—our division commander, the intrepid Barlow. On that field the world saw a type of that noble, devoted, patriotic womanhood that in the homes of the North, in the hospitals and camps of the army was an inspiration and cheer, an angel of comfort and aid to the heroes that were defending their fire-sides and their altars. All honor to the noble women whose hands and hearts and prayers were ever with freedom's army during those terrible years of fratricidal strife.

The morning of the third day dawned. It seemed to linger as if the very sun were reluctant to gaze upon the scenes that were to be unfolded beneath it. Slocum opened the fight with that tremendous fire of artillery and infantry, before which not simply men but the very forests fell, and was followed by that Balaklava charge of the Second Massachusetts and the Twenty-Seventh Indiana, retreating with more than half on their rolls dead and dying in their tracks, a reckless and useless charge, save as it teaches the lessons of obedience and heroism. The hours wear on. The sun reaches its meridian, an ominous silence settles down upon the contending armies like the calm that precedes the fury of the tempest. At ten minutes past one, the signal gun sends its echoes along the hills and valleys, and one hundred and fifty can-

non hurl a volley of death and destruction into our ranks. An instant later another hundred from our side responds to the challenge, carrying equal carnage into the ranks of the enemy, opening a cannonade without a parallel in the history of war. It was like the fabled battles of the Gods, hurling thunder bolts and flashing lightnings, shaking the earth and making the very pillars of heaven to tremble. For nearly two hours the terrible battle raged, and then gradually slackened. Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps moved to the achievement of its part of the programme, to break through the left center of our line and finish the work which they supposed had been nearly accomplished by the preceding cannonade. "You can start now; you will not find anybody alive on that ridge," said veteran Lee to the gallant Virginians, and they did start twenty thousand strong, compact, brave, determined, the flower of the Southern chivalry, and for a while it seemed as if freedom's forces would be vanquished and the Stars and Bars would carry victory into the very heart of the Keystone State. But soon a gun opened here and there like the flash of the fuse that explodes the well laid train, and our left and center seem all ablaze, filling the air with shot and shell, grape and shrapnell. Still down through that deadly stream of canister they come, closing up their depleted ranks, leaving the ground strewn with the dead and dying, on, on, until within musket range they meet a sheet of flame from thousands of guns, and fall like leaves of the forest beneath autumnal winds. Undaunted they press forward until the two armies meet and like two fiery monsters they roll and writhe and sway to and fro amid fire and smoke, the neighing of horses, the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying, a scene that beggars description, and that splendid column, that started so magnificently from yonder hill is surrounded and crushed in the fiery grasp of Mead's heroic and victorious army. "Thank God" went up reverently from the lips of the Commander-in-Chief, voicing the gratitude of many a devout soul, and amid tears of joy the shout of victory rang out in jubilant notes upon the evening air.

So ended the decisive battle of the war. And now after a lapse of nearly a quarter of a century we, the survivors of that conflict and the comrades of the fallen, gather here as reverently to thank God, to gratefully commemorate their heroism and unveil a monument to their memory that shall in silent but matchless eloquence tell of their deeds, of our undying and loving gratitude (here pledging our fortunes, lives, and sacred honor to maintain what on this field was so gloriously won), and here let it stand simple in its majesty and majestic in its simplicity to remind the countless millions that shall yet tread these lands, of the cost of their liberties and to warn traitors of treason's doom, down through the coming ages, until the arch-angel trump shall pierce the ear of death and the heroes, who sleep so quietly beneath this consecrated soil, shall come forth arrayed not in the panoply of war, but in the robes of peace, and hear the well done from the lips of the Prince of Peace, who led them in the fight and gave them the victory.

And, if in the years to come, the North and the South shall vie with each other in the bloodless battles of industry and patriotism, of social justice and political freedom, of intelligence and virtue, as gallantly and true as on this field they fought in fratricidal strife, to gather the harvest the battle's red rain has made to flow, who shall regret the price paid. My task is done, and, while it was my wish that the address of this day should have been committed to an abler and more eloquent tongue—yet if this hour and the events of this hour shall intensify our love of country and liberty, broaden our patriotism and quicken our sense of social and political justice—shall aid to secure to all within the boundaries of our fair land the personal rights, political, social, and religious, that were purchased for them by the blood of the nation it will matter little who, upon this occasion, was the speaker or what was said.

The time occupied in delivering the oration was forty-two minutes, and the orator held the undisturbed attention of his hearers during that time. At its close he was warmly applauded.

Upon the conclusion of Mr. Lounsbury's oration, Gen. Noble turned to Judge D. A. Buchler, Vice-President of the Gettysburg Memorial Association, and thus addressed him:

SPEECH OF GEN. WILLIAM H. NOBLE.

“Had it fallen to my lot, Mr. President, to select a battle-ground on which to stake the fate of this Republic, and of freedom, my choice would have fallen on some field in this glorious old State of Pennsylvania. This Key-stone State in that arch of the old thirteen bordering the Atlantic, which the years of God and freedom have multiplied till an arch of thirty-eight States, stiffened by that same key-stone, stretches from the Dominion to the Gulf, towers among the Rockies, and spans a Continent.

Had it been given to me Sir, further, to choose within your grand old State the dread arena of battle, I should have named this very Gettysburg, this lovely country carpeted with harvest, and ribbed by ridges on which were mantled the embattled hosts, and bordered by those blue mountains, which loom along the horizon.

Still further, had mine been the choice where on this battle field most of the dear ones of my Regiment should fight and fall, and where a Monument should immortalize their sacrifice and valor, I should have fixed on this very knoll, so conspicuous a land-mark overlooking this battle-ground, and facing that ridge of victory, where the great dead are ranged in immortal array, awaiting that question of stewardship here, answered above by the Recording Angel, ‘Died in battle for the land, freedom, and the flag.’

Honored Sir, this Monument which my Regiment has erected here to immortalize her fallen, has been cut out from the bed-rock of our dear

old Connecticut, on it are graven her arms, and her words of trust in God, to keep and foster what He hath planted—‘*Qui Transtulit Sustinet.*’

We have inscribed thereon the names and rank of every comrade who fell on this battle-field.

Within this solid granite we seem to have planted a part of the heart of Connecticut, of our dear old Fairfield County, and of her Seventeenth Connecticut Regiment.

To you and to the honorable staff of the Gettysburg Memorial Association, we now entrust what is so dear to us and Connecticut. Through the years that mantle over the future of this Republic we trust in the care of the old Key-stone State, that this monument, and this ground which she has sequestered for its erection, may be held as a sacred and immortal trust. Long may your venerable Commonwealth stand as the keystone of the arch of our Union, not only by her broad area, her vast industries, and her wonderful products, but in those inestimable qualities of public and private virtues, on which alone can rest the fortunes of this Republic.”

Judge Buehler replied as follows:

SPEECH OF JUDGE D. A. BUEHLER.

General Noble:

“I very much regret that his Excellency the Governor of Pennsylvania, and, *ex-officio*, President of the Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association, has by his duties been kept away from this presence, and these ceremonies.

I thank you in behalf of the Memorial Association and of our State, for the exalted place you have given this honored Commonwealth. We are proud of her history, of the loving respect of her sister States, of her political and industrial importance, and of her grand record in the great struggle; the decisive battle of which, here fought, your own, and some of her regiments, this day signalize by monuments to their comrades who here fell.

We feel that in the eloquent tribute you have just rendered, to the purposes of Pennsylvania, to keep forever to the great dead, their monuments here, and the ground surrounding them—you have spoken the voice of Connecticut. We know well the history of your honored Commonwealth. We know her as a State memorable through all time, as founded under the first written Constitution on this Continent, and the first written Constitution in the world, organizing and based on popular government. The blood of her sons and of ours has mingled in about every crisis in arms on this Continent. All along the lines of this battle-field they touched elbows, and stayed the enemy in the hottest of the fight.

The influence of Connecticut stretches beyond her small area; her steadfastness, her enterprise, her intellect, inspire the hearts and industries of men throughout the Republic.

Bear back with you to your honored Commonwealth, and to her soldiers who here fought, the assurance that Pennsylvania will hold sacred, and forever guard, the monuments to her dead on this battle-ground. The dead of Connecticut here, she furnished indeed in her quota to save freedom and the flag, but their memory belongs not only to Connecticut but to Pennsylvania and our common country.

The Gettysburg Battle field Memorial Association accepts as a sacred trust this monument to the soldiers of the Seventeenth Connecticut Regiment who fell here.

BENEDICTION.

May the blessing of Almighty God be upon our land and all its homes, and May the Love of God, the Grace of Jesus Christ, and the Communion of the Holy Spirit be with us all, now and forever, AMEN.

Lieut. J. C. Mayne of Company "G," was called to the stand and in a few well chosen words was introduced by Chaplain Hall, as "the young hero who brought the State colors off of the battle-field after color Corporal Henry Burns was killed." He was greeted with the hearty cheers of his comrades.

As soon as the exercises were finished the "boys" scattered themselves about the fields searching for bullets and other mementoes. Comrade Dixon of Company "H," pointing out the exact spot where he received the wound which deprived him of his leg. Barney Marshall of Company "D," was near the spot where the Tablet is erected when wounded. Sergt. Selah G. Blakeman of same company recognized the course over which he helped a wounded comrade, and many other like incidents.

Before leaving Barlow's Knoll for the hotel, Mr. Asa S. Curtis of Stratford, who accompanied the Regiment from Bridgeport in 1862, as fifer, and who remained with them until its departure from Baltimore to Washington, placed upon the Tablet, a wreath of choice flowers, to the memory of John R. Booth and Stephen Crofut, who enlisted from Stratford in Company "D," and were killed. A fine boquet of flowers were also placed upon the Tablet, brought from Stamford by Sergt. George A. Scofield of Company "B."

The hotel was reached by the party in time to partake of dinner, and by two o'clock all were ready to visit Cemetery Hill to witness the ceremonies of the Twenty-Seventh and One Hundred and Fifty-Third Pennsylvania Regiments. The

members of the Seventeenth formed in line and acted as the escort. The visit to Cemetery Hill was full of interest, and the unveiling ceremonies were very short, C. H. Heiligman of Philadelphia, delivering the address for the Twenty-Seventh, and Lieut. J. Clyde Miller of Bethlehem, for the One Hundred and Fifty-Third, after which ample time was given to view the positions which the Seventeenth Regiment occupied on the 2d and 3d days of July, 1863. The stone wall, behind which the regiment was stationed during the fierce charge of the rebels, just at dark, on the night of July 2d, still remains. It was here that Capt. Burr grabbed a "Johnnie" by the collar of his coat during the fight, and drew him over the wall and made him a prisoner. The party wandered up to the top of Culp's Hill, and Col. Wooster, of the Twentieth Connecticut, pointed out the position occupied by his regiment and also the Fifth Connecticut. By supper time all were back to the hotel, recounting their experiences of the day.

THE CAMP FIRE.

On the evening of July 1st, a Camp Fire was held in the hall of Corporal Skelly Post No. 9, Department Pennsylvania, G. A. R. The exercises were opened by commander Wilbe, who called upon Col. Henry Allen of the Seventeenth Connecticut to preside. The Colonel, after making a few remarks, introduced Chaplain Hall of the Seventeenth Connecticut, intimating that the Chaplain was feeling bad, on account of not having had half an opportunity to show his eloquence in the morning, at the unveiling of the Tablet, and that he would now give him a chance. The Chaplain obeyed the call, and stepping to the front stated he had been intrusted with a very pleasing duty, and presented the Post with a handsomely bound photograph album, as a slight token of the appreciation of the members of the Regiment for courtesies extended their committee, and in making the visit of the Regiment a pleasant one. The gift was accepted in behalf of the Post by comrade John M. Krauth, after which Capt. Samuel B. Horne of the Eleventh Connecticut volunteers, and a member of Post 33, Department of Connecticut, G. A. R., (the youngest man enlisted from the State of Connecticut), was introduced. He responded in a manner which satisfied all that he was as good

a talker as he was a soldier. He closed with a fine recitation, "The Wounded Soldier," the rendition of which was very impressive and touching.

Gen. Coit, of the fighting Fourteenth Connecticut, was introduced and delivered a very eloquent speech, advocated the erection of Soldier's Monuments in every county in the land, to perpetuate the indivisibility of the Union, and the sacrifices made to accomplish it.

Richard Calhoun of the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, commander of Post 62, Department of Connecticut, also made a telling speech, and was followed by Hon. A. H. Byington of the *Norwalk Gazette*.

The only drawback to the evening's enjoyment, was the intense heat of the overcrowded room, which necessitated an early adjournment.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2D.

About 8 o'clock A. M., the members of the Seventeenth again fell in and marched to the depot, acting as escort to the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth New York Volunteers. The cars carried them to within one-half mile of "Devil's Den," where the monument of the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth was located. The "Devil's Den" seemed to be appropriately named, for a "wilder spot" is seldom seen. Rocks upon rocks were piled there, and their presence would appear to have prevented troops from occupying the position, but here it was that some of the most severe fighting of the battle took place. Col. Ellis of the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth New York was killed here, and a life size statue of this gallant officer surmounts their "Tablet." Gen. Stewart L. Woodford delivered the oration, and a large party of the Seventeenth and their friends were among his audience. The morning was spent here and upon "Big and Little Round Top," the party dividing up and forming into "go as you please" squads. The afternoon saw every vehicle in the town in use, for every one was bent on seeing all that remained to be seen, in the few remaining hours.

The party who visited "Barlow's Knoll" in the afternoon for the purpose of having their pictures taken by the "Tablet," experienced a great deal of pleasure(?) A bus, loaded

with "jovial spirits," left the hotel about 3 o'clock, singing war songs with variations, "bound to have a good picture taken." "Barlow's Knoll" was reached in safety, and Mr. Tipton, the artist, was promptly on hand with his camera. While discussing the position in which the group should be taken and just as Mr. Tipton had "got his machine loaded and ready to fire," a violent wind and rain storm came down upon us. Such scampering to get under cover, and such a hasty packing of photograph instruments were never heard of. It broke up the affair instantly, but the rain was falling in such torrents that the teams could not move, so there the party remained, maintaining their jollity in the meantime. It was decided that *there was* a "Jonah" in the party, but it was not decided fully whether it was Col. Sam. Moore of the Fourteenth Connecticut, or "Chaplain" McDonald of the Seventeenth.

On Wednesday evening the ladies and gentlemen assembled in the parlors of the hotel. Sergeant Williams, of Company C. presented Mrs. Capt. Moore, on behalf of the company, with a picture of the Tablet. Private Lounsbury responded in behalf of the recipient.

Capt. Horne, representing Hon. M. W. Pember, "Doc" Chaffee, Sheriff Hutchinson, and himself, was selected to present Col. Allen with a handsome floral tribute, and he made quite a success of his task. We regret that we have not sufficient space to enable us to give a full account of this affair.

After the "presentations" were over then came the singing, and everybody sang. War songs and negro melodies predominated, and the colored waiters from the dining-room "took a hand." Jollity reigned supreme. By 11 o'clock all were in bed, as an early start was to be made in the morning.

DEPARTURE FOR HOME.

Breakfast at half past five, and promptly did all hands respond on Thursday morning. Bills having all been paid the night before (except by one person, and that no less a personage than the Hon. A. H. Byington, but this was overlooked, as it was known by all that the gentleman now hailed from Washington, and while there had become corrupted, (Mr. Byington himself giving as reason he did not pay because he "did not

want to lose interest on his money over night), consequently there was not the least confusion. At six o'clock, line was formed in front of the "Eagle," three rousing cheers were given for the "citizens of good old Gettysburg," three more for "landlord Yingling," the command "right face" is given and we march to the depot. The train is in readiness and soon all are on board. The train bearing the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth New York Regiment left at a few minutes after six o'clock, and at half-past six "good byes" are said and amid the cheers of the citizens our train starts and we begin our return trip. At Carlisle we are compelled to make a short stop, and some of the boys investigate the immediate vicinity of the depot. Comrade Calhoun of Unionville imagining himself a great general, strolled about, giving orders, and getting his imaginary troops ready for a charge on a great wheat field, which lay near the railroad track. A short run and we are again in Harrisburg, stopping only long enough to connect the two trains. Once more we are on the Pennsylvania road, and feel that we are almost flying. Pleasant company causes time to pass swiftly, and the trip homeward seems to exceed the outward run in shortness. At Philadelphia we leave the Twenty-Seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, also Gen-Noble's party, and comrade George S. Purdy, who are to make a visit in the "Quaker City." At Newark, N. J., we part with Capt. Gray and wife, this being their home. At half-past three we reach Jersey City, and fifteen minutes later the excursionists are out of the cars and at the Ferry. No time to be spared, so hasty farewells are said. Thus ends the trip, and so far as heard the members of the Seventeenth Connecticut Association can confidently feel that it was in every respect a grand success.

"Those who were there
Will never forget,
Those who were not
Will always regret."

THE TABLET.

Is a beautiful and massive structure, in design Sarcophagus. Its general dimensions are seven feet ten inches high, seven feet wide, and four feet ten inches deep. Its construction is purely Connecticut, being made of Niantic, or Mill Stone Point Granite, and was designed and manufactured by Wm. H. Curtis of Stratford, a former member of Company "C," this Regiment. On the front, raised in bold relief, is the State Coat of Arms and National Shield combined. On the back is a raised and polished panel occupying the whole surface of the die, and on same is the following inscription: "Erected by the survivors of the 17th Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 11th Corps, in memory of their gallant comrades who fell here on the first day, and on this battle-field on the second and third days of July, 1863." On the front of the die, each side of the Coat of Arms, are two raised and polished panels, as also one upon each end of the die, on which are inscribed the names of the members of the Regiment who lost their lives, as follows:

Lieut.-Col. DOUGLASS FOWLER,
Sergt. WILLIAM O. DAUCHEY,
Sergt. BETHEL S. BARNUM,
Sergt. SAMUEL COMSTOCK,
Corpl. ALVAH E. WILCOX,
Private CALVIN NOBLES,
Private MICHAEL FOX,
Private THEODORE BLAKEMAN,
Private DANIEL H. PURDY,
Private RUFUS WARREN,
Private WILLIAM F. BRADLEY,
Private STEPHEN C. CROFUT,
Private JAMES FLYNN,
Private FRANCIS NASH,
Private JOHN W. METCALF,
Private JOHN A. BLACK,
Private CASSIUS M. CRABBE,
Private WILLIAM S. GREGORY.

Capt. JAMES E. MOORE,
Sergt. AUGUST E. BRONSON,
Sergt. EDWIN D. PICKETT,
Corpl. HENRY BURNS,
Corpl. JAMES GORDON,
Private WILLIAM W. WESTLAKE,
Private FRANK J. BENSON,
Private SMITH DELEVAN,
Private RICHARD D. TAYLOR,
Private JOSEPH S. WHITLOCK,
Private JOHN R. BOOTH,
Private FRANCIS C. FOOTE,
Private GEORGE H. GURNSEY,
Private JOHN WELSH,
Private WILBUR B. MORGAN,
Private LAWRENCE CARNEY,
Private ELIPHALET MEAD.

On either side of the length of the second base, in very heavy raised letters, appears 17th Conn. Vols., the surface of which are polished, making a beautiful contrast to the cut surface. The foundation upon which same rests, is a solid piece of mason work of stone and cement, and is laid in depth five feet. In this foundation, under the Tablet, is deposited a box containing

One volume Catalogue Connecticut Volunteer organizations.

One volume Struggles and Triumphs, or Forty Years Recollections of P. T. Barnum.

Copy Constitution and Amendments Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteer Association.

Copy proceedings Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteer Association from organization, November 21, 1867, to re-union August 28, 1882, at Bridgeport.

Copy proceedings Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteer Association at Fairfield August 28, 1883.

Names and residence of contributors to the Gettysburg monument.

Names and residence of 282 members of the Seventy-Fifth Ohio Volunteers, known July 1, 1884.

Copy Bridgeport Standard (Daily and Weekly), Bridgeport Farmer (Daily and Weekly), Bridgeport Morning News, (also copy Sunday Edition), Bridgeport Evening Post, Norwalk Gazette, Norwalk Hour, The Westporter, Danbury News, Stamford Advocate.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS TO MONUMENT FUND.

The Tablet was erected by funds contributed by the following persons:

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William H. Keeler,	J. R. Rockfeller,	Henry T. Hawley,
Wheeler & Howes,	George W. Keeler,	Henry S. Sanford,
Capt. J. E. Dunham,	McCord, Copel'nd & Co.,	Dr. Civilian Fones,
Wm. B. Hall & Co.,	Henry I. Flint,	David M. Read,
John Irving,	Mrs. Grace J. Morris,	Edward W. White,
Mrs. Emily Yeaton,	Smith & Egge Mfg Co.,	Hon. P. T. Barnum,
Curtis Thompson,	Edward Sturdevant,	E. Parmley,
Russell P. Morgan,	Samuel Merritt,	Wilson & Rusling,
W. E. Norton,	Maj. W. E. Hubbell,	Fred'k M. Wilmot.
Thomas A. Marsh,	J. P. Warner,	William Wurtz,
Lieut. Henry North,	Bernard McGill,	R. A. Clancy.

DANBURY.

Joseph Foote,	James E. Moore Post, No. 18, G. A. R.,	
Capt. Henry Quien,	John Tweedy,	Benjamin White,
George Scott,	John H. Benedict,	Lewis Bradley,
Dwight Rodgers,	Robert S. Dauchey,	Hawley & Sayers,
Stone Brothers,	Edmund Tweedy,	Charles H. Wilcox,
Edward S. Davis,	Thomas McCorkle,	D. E. Lowe & Co.,
Augustus Hoyt,	James W. Allen,	Alexander Wildman,
Charles S. Andrews,	John W. Bacon,	William P. Hoyt,
Edgar A. Benedict,	Frank R. Rice,	John N. Fanton,
John Targett,	George G. Durant,	Beckerle Brothers,
D. Sprague,	George S. Crofutt,	J. M. Bailey,
M. McPhelemy,	A. W. Paige,	H. H. Beard.
D. B. Booth,	George Hickok,	William Humphrey,
Gilbert Brothers,	John McCorkle,	A. J. Pickett,
Orrin L. Bronson,	Foster Brothers,	Oscar Jennings,
Frederick Hull,	Thaddeus Feeks,	Charles DeKlyn,
George S. Purdy,	F. S. Wildman,	R. W. Fry,
J. M. Ives,	Cyrus Raymond,	Zebadd Mead,
Mrs. Lewis A. Ward,	Frank W. Barnum,	D. Stevens,
Turner Stevens & Son,	William W. Raymond,	John Clarke,
Fred'k Olmstead,	Henry Booth,	Josiah L. Day,
Adam C. Williams,	Peter Robinson,	George F. Bradley.

NORWALK AND SOUTH NORWALK.

Capt. Enos Kellogg,	Charles Whitney,	Charles Smith,
George R. Cowles,	Lieut. Chas. E. Doty,	William S. Lockwood,
Theodore Brush,	William H. Smith,	William J. Finney,
Henry M. Hoyt,	Mrs. Wilmot Fawcett,	H. H. Gray,
Andrew Selleck,	William Hands,	B. J. Sturges,
J. P. Beatty & Bro.,	Wm. B. E. Lockwood,	Samuel S. Olmstead,
Ebenezer J. Hill,	William G. Thomas,	Co. F, 4th Regt. C. N. G.
William R. Nash,	E. K. Lockwood,	F. St. John Lockwood,
Charles H. Wheeler,	A. H. Byington & Sons,	Lieut. Wm. A. Kellogg,
Charles Olmstead,	Charles F. Loomis,	John Buxton,
Isaac Camp,	John H. Lee,	Edward Cahill,
H. J. Chaping,	George S. Patrick,	Charles J. Smith,
Stephen R. Wilcox,	John Lockwood.	Sylvester Keeler,
George F. Olmstead,	James W. Hyatt,	Lieut. R. Lorenzo Ells,
W. W. Gilbert,	James. F. Knapp,	Ira Cole,
George L. Finney,	Allen Cole,	John L. Davis,
Lester Cole,	Charles C. Brooks,	James S. Lyon,
Rev. H. S. Clapp,	E. J. Hill,	George E. Miller,
William O. Merritt,	Douglas Fowler Post,	No. 48, G. A. R.,
Dudley P. Ely,	William Hillsdon,	Edwin Wilcox,
James A. Brown,	John W. Powell,	Robert M. Wilcox,
Hiram S. Brown,	W. B. Newcomb,	Michael Becker,
W. M. Stevens,	Talmadge Baker,	Dr. J. C. Fitch,
Theodore Knapp,	Lieut. Wm. S. Knapp,	William H. Mather,
Seth B. Remington,	Geo. Ward Selleck,	Jarvis Kellogg.

STAMFORD.

George W. Meeker,	J. L. Lockwood & Son,	William Hubbard,
W. T. Minor,	Levi Dixon,	E. L. Scofield.
George W. Weed,	R. Swartwont,	John Clason,
J. L. Tracey,	Samuel Fessenden,	A. G. Weed,
J. B. Hoyt,	J. Wardwell,	O. Hoyt,
Capt. M. Waterbury,	William Hoyt,	George W. Scofield,
G. H. Hoyt,	S. C. Morrison,	M. P. Merritt,
Dr. N. G. Geib,	C. O. Miller,	William H. Dibble,
F. H. Porter,	C. M. Brown,	L. R. Hurlburt, M. D.,
Charles A. Holley,	George Elder,	William Furguson,
C. Gaylord,	Harvey Hoyt,	D. H. Clarke,
Charles Hill,	George A Hoyt,	John W. Hubbard,

GREENWICH.

Edward Reddington,	William A. Baker,	William L. Wood,
John W. Ferris,	Nathan E. Peck,	John Burnett,
Lieut. I. L. Mead,	Col. H. W. R. Hoyt,	Daniel W. Rooth,
John Purdy,	E. W. Reynolds,	Vincent B. Purdy.

NEW CANAAN.

Floyd F. Ruscoe,	Charles L. Bartow,	Lieut. F. M. Bliss,
George Ruscoe,	Stephen Comstock,	D. C. Ruscoe,
Nobart Bossa,	H. P. Peat,	John Kaiser.

WESTPORT.

Capt. Henry P. Burr,	John S. Jones,	Capt. Jas. E. Hubbell,
F. M. Porter,	Lieut. George Hale,	Rufus Wakeman
Aaron Bennett,	Lieut. Edward M. Lees.	

RIDGEFIELD.

Samuel J. Barlow,	A. W. Lee,	Smith Gilbert.
William H. Jennings,	Andrew Lockwood,	Patrick Lannon.
Lieut. D. S. Bartram,	David D. Burr,	Henry W. Keeler.
Phineas C. Lounsbury.		

FAIRFIELD.

Daniel Maloney.	William B. Glover.
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BETHLEHEM.

Richard McGee.	Daniel Hunt.
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SEYMOUR.

Rev. H. Q. Judd,	John W. DeForest.
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WATERBURY.

James Wright,	J. L. Munson,	E. C. Lewis.
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NEWTOWN.

Lieut. A. W. Peck,	Charles G. Blakeman.
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STRATFORD.

Capt. Wilson French,	J. Henry Blakeman,	C. H. Clarke,
Robert H. Russell,	A. S. Curtis,	D. P. Rhodes,
Mrs. R. M. DeWitt,	Frederick Benjamin,	Francis B. Austin,
J. G. Austin,	John W. Sterling,	Henry B. Drew,
Mrs. Eliza Burritt,	Ezra Whiting,	Lasper Whiting,
William H. Curtis,	John Rodgers.	

WILTON.

David B. Whitney,	Samuel C. DeForest.	Orrin Harrison,
Charles Whitney.		

NEW HAVEN.

Hiram H. Bishop, William H. Warren, R. J. Allen,
William F. Fields, Gen'l S. E. Merwin.

DARIEN.

Lieut. Thos. P. Cave, C. W. Lounsbury.

HUNTINGTON.

Selah G. Blakeman, Ira C. Northrop.

BETHEL.

Cole & Ambler.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Isaac B. Hyatt, Meriden, Ct.,	C. S. Darrow, New London, Ct.,
C. P. Platt, New Britain, Ct.,	T. C. Spencer, Middlebury, Ct.,
G. B. Christison, Long Ridge, Ct.,	Lieut.-Col. H. Allen, Branford, Ct.
J. H. Grannis, Saybrook, Ct.,	Lieut. G. D. Boune, Hartford, Ct.,
Fred. W. Curtis, Shelton, Ct.,	Gen. Wm. A. Aiken, Norwich, Ct.,
Maj. A. G. Brady, Torrington, Ct.,	Charles E. Scofield, Noroton, Ct.,
G. A. Smith, Fair Haven, Ct.,	C. A. Jennings, Branchville, Ct.,
Rev. W. K. Hall, Newb'rg, N. Y.,	Henry Huss, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.,
David Fields, New Rochelle, N. Y.,	B. F. Brinkerhooff, New York City,
F. A. McKay, New York City,	Capt. Enoch Wood, New York City,
A. Morehouse, New York City,	W. McDonald, New York City,
G. H. Spencer, New York City,	Lieut. J. F. Clancey, N. York City,
H. E. Waite, New York City,	Gen. F. C. Barlow, New York City,
Lieut. J. I. Benedict, N. Y. City,	Anthony Comstock, N. Y. City,
J. B. Curtiss, San Francisco, Cal.,	J. M. Silliman, Easton, Pa.,
G. W. Banks, Philadelphia, Pa.,	Frank W. Day, Chambersburg, Pa.,
Lieut. J. Harvey, Gt. Bar'gt'n, Mass.,	Capt. Theo. Gray, Newark, N. J.,
Lieut. M. Jones, Oshkosh, Wis.,	H. E. Williams, Washington, D. C.,
Wright Curtis, Sligo Md.,	John Hearn, Wilmington, Del.,
Joseph H. Baker, Savannah, Ga.,	N. G. Ely, New York City.

NAMES OF EXCURSIONISTS.

The following persons made up the excursion party, and were present at the unveiling:

MEMBERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT.

Gen. William H. Noble,	Lieut.-Col. Henry Allen,
Chaplain Rev. Wm. K. Hall, D. D.,	Q. M. S. William H. Keeler.

COMPANY A.

Capt. John McQuhæ,	Lieut. R. Lorenzo Ells,
Sergt. John Crowe,	Corp. William Merritt,
Private Timothy Donovan,	Private Isaac W. Gilbert.

COMPANY B.

Lieut. John Harvey,	Sergt. George A. Scofield,
Sergt. Lewis W. Scofield,	Private Alfred Morehouse.

COMPANY C.

Sergt. Rodert Douchey,	Sergt. George Dickens,
Sergt. Henry E. Williams,	Corpl. John McCorkell,
Wagoner Thomas McCorkell,	Private George S. Purdy,
Private William H. Curtis,	Private John W. Bouton,
Private George Bradley,	Private John H. Benedict,
Private Phineas C. Lounsbury,	Private William H. Warren.

COMPANY D.

Lieut. Albert W. Peck,	Sergt. Selah G. Blakeman,
Drummer Henry Huss,	Private Edward Treadwell,
Private Sylvester Rounds,	Private Fred. W. Curtis,
Private George H. Gregory,	Private J. Henry Blakeman,
Private Barney Marshall,	Private George W. Keeler,
Independent Fifer Asa S. Curtis.	

COMPANY E.

Capt. Henry P. Burr,	Capt. James E. Hubbell,
Lieut Edward M. Lees,	Lieut. George Hale,
Private John Beck.	

COMPANY F.

Capt. Enos Wood,	Lieut. William A. Kellogg,
Lieut. Charles E. Doty,	Lieut. William S. Knapp,
Sergt. Charles F. Loomis,	Sergt. Willis McDonald,

Corpl. Stephen R. Wilcox,	Private Henry S. Gray
Private James H. Lounsbury,	Private Oscar Weed,
Private Edward Cahill,	Private William F. Field,
Private Sylvester Keeler,	Corpl. Francis W. Day.

COMPANY G.

Lieut. David S. Bartram,	Lieut. Charles Smith,
Lieut. James C. Maine,	Corpl. Horace Q. Judd.

COMPANY H.

Capt. Enos Kellogg,	Lieut. Frank M. Bliss,
Lieut. Thomas P. Cave,	Private John Kaiser,
Private Cyrus Raymond,	Private Floyd T. Ruscoe.
Private DeWitt C. Ruscoe.	Private Levi Dixon,
Private Seth Remmington,	Private Justus M. Silliman.

COMPANY K.

Capt. Theodore Gray,	Lieut. John C. Mills,
Lieut. Morris Jones,	Sergt. John H. Porter,
Sergt. Patrick Wade, Jr.,	Sergt. Samuel Thorpe,
Private Henry E. Waite,	Private John U. Kable.

GUESTS FROM OTHER REGIMENTS.

Gen. J. Marshall Brown, Maine.
 Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, New York.
 Col. J. B. Baehelder, Massachusetts.
 Rev. John Forsyth, D.D., LL.D., Ex-Chaplain U. S. Army.
 John McGill, Eighth New York Cavalry, Stamford, Conn.
 George J. Buxton, Ninth New York Volunteers, Norwalk, Conn.
 George W. Coy, Fifty-Sixth New York Volunteers, Milford, Conn.
 Charles E. Snyder, Fiftieth New York Volunteers.
 J. H. Pennant, Seventy-Ninth New York Volunteers, N. Y. City.
 John C. Taylor, First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, Hartford, Conn.
 Richard M. Calhoun, First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, Unionville, Conn.
 John H. Ludford, Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery, Bridgeport, Conn.
 Charles F. Halloek, Fifth Connecticut Volunteers, Norwalk, Conn.
 F. W. Downs, Sixth Connecticut Volunteers, Winsted, Conn.
 George H. Smith, Sixth Connecticut Volunteers, Stamford, Conn.
 Capt. J. I. Hutchinson, Seventh Connecticut Volunteers.
 William Morrison, Tenth Connecticut Volunteers, Hartford, Conn.
 George Kellogg, Tenth Connecticut Volunteers, New York City.
 Capt. S. B. Horne, Eleventh Connecticut Volunteers, Winsted, Conn.
 Col. William B. Wooster, Twentieth Connecticut Volunteers, Birmingham, Conn.

- G. L. Gilbert, Twentieth Connecticut Volunteers, Birmingham, Conn.
 H. G. Allen, Twentieth Connecticut Volunteers, Ansonia, Conn.
 H. S. Granniss, Twentieth Connecticut Volunteers, Birmingham, Conn.
 Mr. Guilan, Twenty-Second Connecticut Volunteers.
 H. W. Clark, Twenty-Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, New Haven, Conn.
 William A. Beard, Twenty-Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, New Haven, Conn.
 Stephen Smith, Twenty-Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, Stamford, Conn.
 E. B. Lawrence, Twenty-Eight Connecticut Volunteers, Stamford, Conn.
 Col. David Torrance, Twenty-Ninth Connecticut Volunteers, Birmingham, Conn.
 Charles S. Roberts, Second Connecticut Light Artillery, Stratford, Conn.
 S. V. Nichols, Second Connecticut Light Artillery, Bridgeport, Conn.

CITIZEN GUESTS.

Chas. E. Wilmot, Bridgeport, Ct.	E. A. Alvord, Bridgeport, Ct.
James A. McElroy, "	Joseph H. McElroy, "
Mrs. S. V. Nichols, "	Mrs. John Beck, "
Miss Nettie Noble, "	Miss Fannie Noble, "
Mrs. Rob't Douchey, Danbury, Ct.	J. Paddock, Danbury, Ct.
A. J. Picket, "	Arthur L. Picket, "
William Bradley, "	Frank Hatch, "
E. A. Stratton, "	F. E. Howard, "
Edward Starr, "	Mrs. James E. Moore, "
Miss Minnie Moore, "	John S. Lend, "
L. Monson, Norwalk, Ct.	Mrs. W. A. Kellogg, Norwalk, Ct.
G. H. Weed, South "	George R. Scofield, "
W. R. Lockwood, "	M. F. Wilcox, South "
J. M. Scribner, "	Isaac McGill, Stamford, Ct.
Eugene Alva, Stamford, Ct.	Mrs. Mary Hoyt, "
A. Woeltge, "	Mrs. George H. Smith, "
Mrs. L. Dixon & Son, "	H. Stanley Finch, "
Mrs. E. B. Lawrence, "	Dr. A. W. Phillips, Birmingham, Ct.
F. J. Peck, Birmingham, Ct.	E. S. Downs, "
Dickerman Bassett, "	Peter McGovern, "
Mrs. T. W. Downs, Winsted, Ct.	John S. Jones, Westport, Ct.
L. B. Wakeman, Westport, Ct.	Mrs. H. P. Burr, "
Mrs. James E. Hubbell, "	Master Hale, "
B. L. Woodworth, "	W. H. Saxton, "
Henry C. Lord, New Haven, Ct.	Mrs. H. W. Clark, "
Mrs. Wm. A. Beard, "	Mrs. W. T. Field, New Haven, Ct.

A. J. Smith,	Deep River, Ct.	W. J. Hunt,	Bethlehem, Ct.
Charles Peck,	Newtown, Ct.	Charles A. Peck,	Newtown, Ct.
J. W. Ambler,	Bethel, Ct.	S. S. Wilcox,	Ansonia, Ct.
O. T. Chaffee, Jr.,	Mansfield, Ct.	Hon. M. W. Pember,	Rockville, Ct.
Miss Julia Roberts,	Stratford, Ct.	Mrs. Wm. H. Curtis,	Stratford, Ct.
Merrit Clark,	Derby, Ct.	Mrs. J. H. Blakeman,	"
Mr. J. W. Nichols,	Branford, Ct.	Mrs. Henry Allen,	Branford, Ct.
Mrs. George W. Coy,	Milford, Ct.	Mrs. J. W. Nichols,	"
Mrs. Theo. Gray,	Newark, N. J.	Mrs. Morris Jones,	Oshkosh, Wis.
W. C. Kellogg,	New York City.	W. F. Marsh,	New York, City.
Mrs. W. McDonald,	"	Mrs. H. E. Waite,	"
George Kellogg,	"	M. C. Kellogg,	"
Max Huss,	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	W. F. Wilcox,	"
Rev. C. W. Frittz,,	Fiskkill, N. Y.	Prof. H. W. Siglar,	Newburg, N. Y.
C. E. Snyder,	Newburg, N. Y.	T. P. Ramsdall,	"
Alfred Kayne,	"	Mrs. A. P. Burleigh,	Boston, Mass.
Miss A. B. Stevens,	Not'gh'm, Mass.	W. G. La Place.	
C. H. Watts.			

LETTERS OF REGRETS.

Letters regreting their inability to be of the excursion party were received from

Maj. Allen G. Brady, Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers.
 Gen. W. S. Hancock, U. S. Army.
 Lieut.-Col. R. A. Constable, Seventy-Fifth Ohio Volunteers.
 Donald G. Perkins, Norwich, Conn.
 John S. Chamberlain, Brunswick, Me.
 Col. Barbour, First Regiment, C. N. G.
 Col. T. L. Watson, Fourth Regiment, C. N. G.
 James Shaw, Providence, R. I.
 Gen. W. A. Aiken, Norwich, Conn.
 Gen. Francis C. Barlow, New York.
 Gen. John A. Logan, Washington, D. C.
 Gen. S. R. Smith, Commanding C. N. G.
 Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, Hartford, Conn.
 Hon. John T. Waite, Norwich, Conn.
 Hon. A. D. Hazen, Washington, D. C.
 William Berry, Commander Department Connecticut, G. A. R.
 Col. A. L. Harris, Seventy-Fifth Ohio Volunteers.
 Adj. Jacob W. Gano, Seventy-Fifth Ohio Volunteers.
 Col. Simeon J. Fox, New Haven, Conn.
 Hon. W. W. Dudley, Commissioner of Pensions.
 Rev. Alexander R. Thompson, Brooklyn, New York.
 Gen. F. Segil, New York.
 Hon. Henry B. Harrison, New Haven, Conn.
 Capt. H. L. Morey, Seventy-Fifth Ohio Volunteers.

Maj. J. C. Kinney, Hartford, Conn.
 Capt. Stiles M. Stanton.
 Gen. S. E. Merwin, New Haven Conn.
 Hon. William T. Minor, Stamford, Conn.
 Hon. O. H. Platt, Meriden, Conn.

LIST OF PRISONERS AND WOUNDED.

Following are the names of comrades wounded and taken prisoners, July 1, 2, and 3, 1863:

COMPANY A.

PRISONERS.

Sergt. Albert Holley,	Corp'l William H. Gray,
Corp'l George M. Buttery,	Timothy Donovan,
Abijah Hagar,	George Moore,
Seth A. Northrop,	Jasper E. Painter,
George P. Saunders,	Richard G. Saymour,
George W. Smith, 2d,	Samuel F. Smith.
Henry E. Humphries.	

WOUNDED.

Capt. John McQuhae, Jr.,	Sergt. Albert Holley,
Patrick Buckley,	Samuel C. DeForest,
Isaac W. Gilbert,	Abijah Hagar,
Henry E. Humphries,	Seth A. Northrop,
Alfred Swords,	Samuel Wyman.

COMPANY B.

PRISONERS.

(Names not sent in).

WOUNDED.

Selah R. Hobbs,	George B. Christison,
John Collins,	William Gillespe,
William H. Jackson,	John L. Jones,
Mortimer Searls,	John D. Buttery.

COMPANY C.

PRISONERS.

George Sears,	Moses A. Wheeler,
James M. Bailey,	William F. Otis,
William H. Warren,	George W. Dickens,
Henry Smith,	George W. Barbour,
John H. Benedict.	John W. Bouton,

John McHugh,
Frank H. Ferry,

Thaddeus Edwards,
James A. Hannon.

Amos C. Day was taken prisoner and escaped from the Rebels about six miles from Gettysburg while going through a narrow wooded ravine.

William B. Clark was either a deserter, prisoner, or wounded. He went into action and has never been heard of since.

WOUNDED.

George W. Barbour,
John W. Bouton,
Thaddeus Edwards,

John H. Benedict,
John McHugh,
Frank H. Ferry.

COMPANY D.

PRISONERS.

Capt. W. L. Hubbell,
Luther W. Lewis,
George H. Gregory,
W. H. Sclipp,
Patrick Norton,
Franklin P. Burton,

Sergt. Cyrus T. Bachelder,
William Wirtz,
Edward Nichols,
William R. Smith,
John T. Lewis,
Gilbert Wordin.

WOUNDED.

Sergt. Henry W. Keeler,
J. Henry Blakeman,
George R. Hayes,
Thomas A. Marsh,
Alonzo Scranton,
Samuel T. Whittlesey.

Sergt. John H. Foley,
William S. Dewhurst,
George W. Hannaford,
Barney Marshall,
Charles S. Wells.

COMPANY E.

PRISONERS.

Sergt. George Hale,
Theodore Allen,
James Gordon,
Roscoe Perry,
Dennis O. Chase,
Dennis Hayes,
Matthew Colgan,

Sergt. Henry McDonough,
James Haugh,
William C. Westerfield,
Henry B. Bigelow,
Laurence Shaughnessy,
John Welsh,
Eugene Warren.

WOUNDED.

Sergt. Henry McDonough,
James Monteith.

Sergt. George Hale.

COMPANY F.

PRISONERS.

Theodore Brush,
Oscar St. John,
Alfred W. Cutter,
William H. Downs,

John Cahill,
William W. Gilbert,
James Brophy,
Bradley Bates.

WOUNDED.

Capt. Henry Allen,
Corp'l Dennis B. Rockwell,
Patrick Purden.

Corp'l Robert N. Perry,
John L. Hayes.

COMPANY G.

PRISONERS.

Capt. Wilson French,
Sergt. A. W. Lee,
John Lockwood.

Lieut. David S. Bartram,
Corp'l Horace Q. Judd,

WOUNDED.

(Names not sent in).

COMPANY H.

PRISONERS.

Levi Dixon,
Horace Whiting,
Nobert Bessa,
Seth Remmington,
DeWitt C. Ruscoe,

Justus M. Silliman,
Levi St. John Weed,
Ebenezer J. Pattenden,
Cyrus Raymond,
George W. Weed.

WOUNDED.

Levi Dixon,

Justus M. Silliman.

COMPANY I.

PRISONERS.

Lewis Palmer,
Benjamin Peck,

James Burdsall,
John Lawden.

WOUNDED.

Vincent Purdy,
Philip O. Doharty,

Henry Held.

COMPANY K.

PRISONERS.

Charles McElroy,
James Dennis,

John Seery,
John M. Terril,.

WOUNDED.

Samuel Thorpe,
William Wallace,
John Seery,
James Dennis.

Frederick A. McKay,
Charles McElroy,
John M. Terrill,

GETTYSBURG RELICS.

The only *Crow*-ing heard in the party came from Company "A."

The cannon used in saluting was recast from an old rebel piece.

Now the question is, whose eggs were those that Calhoun was feasting off of?

"Roll, Jordan, roll," by the colored waiters of the hotel, was just stupendous.

It is not safe to ask Barney Marshall if he had his picture taken afternoon of July 2d.

Mrs. Captain Gray proposes to serve up Turtle soup at the re-union August 28th, at Ridgefield.

Did Calhoun of Post 62, receive the welcome he expected upon his arrival home? It is a fact he wore the gloves as directed.

Sergeant Thorpe, Compâny "K," says, the next time they want to get up a euchre party *some one else can hunt up the chairs.*

There was a great deal said while at Gettysburg and since about *Keeler*. Which one was it? There were three in the the party.

If it had not been for that small boy, Dick Calhoun would have always thought that it was a *human bone* instead of a *rebel bone*.

The appearance of Gen. Brown met with a hearty applause as he rode along the line, followed by Orderly Beck with the old headquarter flag.

Comrade Calhoun, of Post No. 62, Department of Connecticut, must have found a hen's nest somewhere. There were seven eggs, and boiled hard.

Lieut. John Harvey met with a hearty reception among his old comrades of the Seventeenth, many of them not having seen him since the war closed.

Messrs. Farmer and Markley, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, caused the thanks of the entire party by constant attention to the wants of the excursionists.

Stephen Smith of Post 23, Stamford, could not get enough to eat at the hotel so spent a good share of his time chewing green corn stalks in the fields. Poor Steve!

It was noticed more money Treasurer Wade got the more bloated and aristocratic he became. Was seen riding in a *Black Maria* one day. No reflections of course.

The playing and singing in the parlors of the hotel on Wednesday evening, by Mrs. Col. Allen and her sister Mrs. Nichols, was received with well merited applause.

Lieutenant Hale of Company "E," visited the church in which he was just after being shot and taken prisoner by the rebels. His son, who was along, was quite interested.

Just because Wade was along, he, Wade, had an idea it was a Company "K" picnic, but upon calling the roll, and Kelly not answering, he came to the conclusion he was mistaken.

As the special train left Gettysburg for home, Ves Nichols of Post 3, Bridgeport, Ct., and his wife, were seen on a hand car, *with a native guide*, bound for a trip down through Virginia.

The way Calhoun got the colored ladies to sing for him was by subscribing to their church funds. Good thing he

had an excursion ticket or the party would have had to take up a subscription.

Sergeant Selah G. Blakeman of "D" Company, made a most excellent leader.(?) Evening party were in search of locality where boys of the Fourteenth Connecticut were having their Camp Fire.

Secretary Keeler's corns are troubling him again. One more march after that band would have just used him up. He claims he never attended a dancing school before and took no part in the dance.

Col. Wooster of the Twentieth Connecticut, temporarily marked the position of his gallant regiment during the fight, and immediately upon his return home he at once began to enthuse his boys on the subject of a monument.

Many regrets were expressed at the absence of Gen. A. G. Brady and Maj. W. L. Hubbell, of the Seventeenth Regiment, both of whom were active participants in the battle, the former being wounded and the latter taken prisoner.

Comrade Coy of Post 39, Department of Connecticut, regretted that he ever stopped at the Bassett House, Birmingham, Conn., as it was the means of his not getting a room at the Eagle. Secretary Keeler says a man's reputation will sometimes go ahead of him.

On the way out a party composed of Company "D" men remarked at about noon time that a piece of *Plumb Duff* would go first rate, and later, toward night, it was hinted it was about time for Selah G. to fall in for his stockings.

Mrs. Capt. James E. Hubbell contributed a cabinet size photograph of Corporal "Rob" Perry, of Company F, with the colors of the Seventeenth, and it very appropriately adorns the album which was presented to Corporal Skelly Post, G. A. R.

Comrade J. Henry Blakeman called upon a young lady who, at the time of the battle, was a child of five or six years of age. She remembers well the party of which Blakeman was one, calling at her house and her mother giving them something to eat and drink.

At the gathering in Grand Army Hall, after Col. Allen had made a few remarks, comrade Keeler said "the Colonel is doing a great deal of blowing to-night because he has a *Horn(e)* with him." A citizen of Gettysburg seeing Keeler with his G. A. R. uniform on supposed he was the Governor of the State of Connecticut, and when the Colonel undeceived the party, "George" retaliated with this "bald headed pun."

A comrade tells of Jimmy Wright, of Co. I, and Chief Engineer of the steamer "Hattie Brock."

"Jimmy" was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 2d, 1863. He was confined in Libby Prison, Richmond, and learned through one of the guards that an old friend of his, one John Bingley, was then living on "Oregon Hill." They were both born in Manchester, England, and came to this country together, but had not met for several years. "Jimmy" got word to his old friend that he was then in prison and he made an early call upon him. "Well, Wright, they have got you in a tight place," said Bingley. "Not so very bad," replied "Jimmy." Then came this offer from Bingley: "If you will take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, I'll get you out of this, get you plenty to eat, and a good job in the Tradegar Iron Works."

This aroused "Jimmy," and he opened up on his old friend in something like this manner: "Look here, John Bingley, I've got a wife in Connecticut, and do you suppose I would have people point at her and say when her husband got in a tight place he turned traitor." "No, sir, *I would stay here and rot, first.*"

BARLOW'S KNOLL.

The grove, consisting mostly of oak and hickory, has been entirely cut off. The oak tree crowning the knoll was a prominent landmark to all the members of the Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers who were engaged in the fight. This oak was severely shattered by lightning some time after the battle. The stump of this tree was removed in fragments as memorials of the battle. The fences in the foreground were torn down by our men just before the engagement.

In a trench, about a rod to the left of the oak, the rebels buried about seventy men. There were also four graves, two of which appear in the sketch, while the others are under the rails near by, which also cover the dead in the trench. The Memorial Tablet was placed twenty or thirty feet to the right of the oak.



BARLOW'S KNOCK.

FROM A SKETCH MADE BY J. M. SULLIMAN, CO. H, 17TH CONN. VOLS., A FEW DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, 1863.



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